

IWYLEAVES

1991-92

ANDERSON COLLEGE

ART AND LITERARY MAGAZINE

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DEDICATION

This issue of Ivy Leaves is dedicated to Dr. William F. West, Jr., who is retiring after 29 years of service to Anderson College. It is fitting that Ivy Leaves serve as an avenue to pay tribute to Dr. West, for he has had an active role in this literary publication over the years. From 1964-1971, he was a member of the Faculty Staff; from 1972-74, he was one of the Faculty Advisors; from 1975-77, he served as the sole Faculty Advisor. In addition, he provided at least one photograph for publication and at least three poems which we have reprinted in this edition.

Thank you, Dr. West, for your consistent interest in and support of Ivy Leaves. May you find in retirement the kind of fulfillment that Ivy Leaves has always sought to provide for those with a literary/artistic bent.

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Southern Autumn

New beauty greets my gaze In every nook and bend and turn Along the road these days.

The stately poplars standing high, Like yellow torches seem to burn Against an azure sky.

While dogwoods tint as if they bled, And maples splash gay color as they turn From green, to gold, to crimson red.

The gum that grows along the brook, A neighbor to the sedge, and rush, and fern, Shows every varied color in the book.

While solid oaks, along the hill Where sumac crimson glows, turn Deeper red and ever deeper still. And luscious orange along a bank Marks sassafras (as I have come to learn), Whose root is strong, whose growth is rank;

And always pine, with deeper green, Provides a contrast dark and stern, That all these others may be seen.

While here beside me golden rod Waves gleaming stems aloft and bids me learn That color is a gift of God.

W.F. West, Jr. Fall 1964



The Bursts of Thunder

The bursts of thunder in the veins,
The gladsome catch of breath,
The thrill and chill
The sudden flush
When these are gone
What then, my sweet?
Is love so guickly ended?
Ah, no, it settles down
To stay awhile
And throbbing with a tempo slow
Is in the hear embedded.
And thusly anchored, cherished there
Withstands both time and trouble,
A source of strength, a fount of joy
Until the life is ended.

W.F. West, Jr. Fall 1970

Forsythia

The sky was dark; the day was dreary.
The world was sodden, wet and weary.
The passing scene was dull, drab gray,
A dank and dismal, dripping day.
Though life was stirring in the earth
Foul Winter's grip held back
Spring's birth.

And then, a cluster, golden bright, Of strong pure yellow caught my sight, With captured sunshine waving there In each long frond to lift my care, And from the roadside spoke to me, "Bright days will come, and Spring!" You'll see!"

W.F. West, Jr. Spring 1964

I can't smile at you anymore, your eyes hold secrets I don't think you understand.

I can't laugh with you anymore, your heart holds wounds that you will not let heal.

I can't touch you anymore, the anger you hold so carefully might implode

I can't share with you anymore, your soul holds suffering that is slowly ripping you to shreds.

But you will not tell me, and let me prove my love.

And so I wait.

Alison Lowery

His Greatest Fan

After the high school pitcher threw the third strike he looked toward the bleachers. He smiled a little when he heard the cheer from the single fan.

Upon the bleachers sat a solitary figure huddled underneath an umbrella, wearing a windbreaker bearing the school colors and his number.

That solitary figure watched the pitcher intensely and felt as though he was throwing every pitch himself. Goodness knows he had tossed enough with him in the backyard

That fan had cherished every catch

But the pitcher is older now and he doesn't spend the time he used to. Now, he's either going out with the guys or seeing that special girl. After the games he doesn't need a ride home. He says, "We'll talk about the game later"

But, they never do.

Sadly, he doesn't realize that at every home or away game, he has a proud admirer perched on those bleachers, cheering him on. Sadly, he doesn't realize that his Dad ... is his greatest fan.

Now this team won't win any championship. They probably won't even have a winning season. And the pitcher won't get any college offers, but that doesn't matter to his greatest fan. All he needs to know is that his boy is out there and that fills him with pride.

Eventually, the season ends as well as high school and innocence. The naive boy must become a man and with that his father becomes his friend. As they grow older and closer it seems like the father becomes smarter.

Before long, the father is not only a friend and a father, but he is a grandfather. So they now sit side-by-side on the bleachers at the Little-League game sharing that umbrella.

The father cheers like he used to and he feels the same pride. He knows that he's grown closer to his son but, what he doesn't know is that, now his son ...

is his greatest fan.

David R. Peebles

I take a pen in hand to give to you my lifeblood, heart and soul. I fear your love as the night is long, to be alone for ever is bearable and one becomes accustomed to the loneliness, but when a vision of beauty appears before your eyes and the emotions can be felt by a touch, it brings the memory of my true mistress. But she will not let me go, she is constant and faithful and always by my side, this mistress of the darkness has been nurturing me for so long, her cold arms embrace me in the day and shares my bed for countless nights, she sends me lovers but only for a short time, but returns with promises and joyful delight, she had told me of you, if only in my mind and made me promises that it was only a matter of time. But time continues and I am thirty-two, how much longer will I be without you. These short verses I write, are so very true, the mistress who follows me goes by many names, but her first name is loneliness.

Bruce Orr



A life starts inside another life.

Sperm and egg unite to form a zygote.

The mother's life starts an important process and the fetus goes through changes.

Changes necessary to make it a human being.

Nine months pass, dear baby is ready.

Happiness fills the parents' lives,

but what about the baby?

Does he know what is going on?

Does he know why he is here and to do what?

No! He has no idea!

The seasons go by, and life goes on.

He lives accepting what the parents teach him or what is acceptable by society.

But one day he starts changing.

The sweet little baby easily pacified with a pacifier now has his own opinion.

He has doubts about the beliefs

he had already accepted.

The parents are surprised, but they know that's exactly what happened to them.

Society criticizes the way he is acting.

Now, he is referred to as a man.

His personality has formed,

and he has goals to achieve in his life.

(CONTINUED)

The problems are more serious, and he is alone to solve them, yet he is worried about the consequences of his decisions.

Years come, years go.

And life is nothing more than to wake up, to do what is necessary to survive and rest in order to be physically, emotionally, and psychologically ready for one more day.

The future suddenly becomes present, and before he notices, it's past.

But he sees that he's normal

because everybody is doing the same things.

Others had the same experience with different shape.

Now he found his purpose.

Truly he has achieved his purpose without knowing it.

He remembers the lives he changed,

the smiles, and also the troubles, he gave.

He sees what a difference he unintentionally made.

That's all he had to do.

Until the day when the power of life will be taken away from him, and that's when nothing more can be done.

Cacia Soares



My Faith in Man

So carefree and full of life. So trusting and understanding is my faith in man.

Slowly that carefree spirit becomes more aware of an uncaring, non-compassionate, and every-man-for-himself world.

For this person learns not to trust, or forgive. This person's free spirit has been taken away.

For me there are no more carefree, understanding, and trusting people in the world. For me MY FAITH IN MAN is no more.

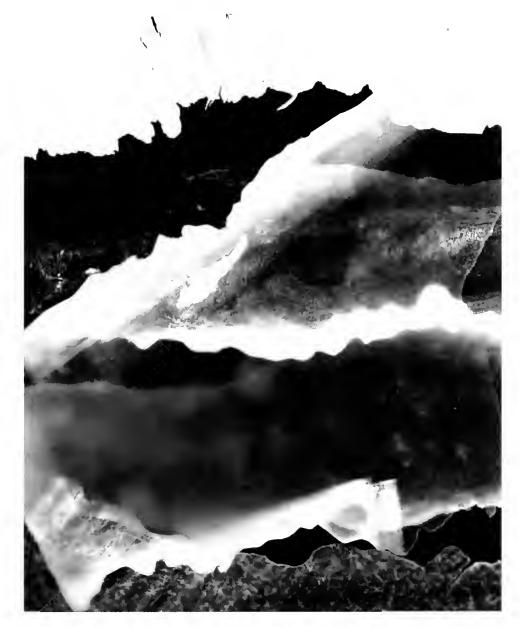
Cherise J. McQuilla



SHANNON BETSINGER



PAUL MATHENY



GUY KOHN



DONNIE HENDERSON



SHANNON SEAWRIGHT



MICHELLE HAYES



PAUL MATHENY



TERESA CULPEPPER

This Family

This wonderful family Gathered together again Here on this day. Getting to know One another All over again. Things have changed Since we met. But at least We are still a family. I come here To give to you My love and care. I hope you accept it Because it's not always here. Our family deserves So much fun and laughter And we should share it all. But most of all Our family deserves to be together. So let's make The best of it While it lasts.

Cindy Clayton

Fishing

The water was golden brilliance.
The breeze beckoned my name.
Finally a day to waste away.
I skipped down to the docks with eager anticipation of catching old Charlie today.
The row creaked in glad greeting
My cranky muscles groaned with the effort.
Soon, however, I knew that I could be lazy after throwing the first line.
Charlie didn't show up that day,
But I didn't care.
I needed the time off from everyday despair.

Richard Jones

Promises

You would always make me believe, love could endure all -You promised you would always hold me; You would never let me fall.

You promised you would stay with me, until the end of time You promised you would never leave me;
Our love was not a crime.

You promised you would never hurt me; I would never have a broken heart - But that promise now is broken Now that we're apart.

Even though you're gone forever, Our love will never die, It's hard for me to just let go; It's hard to say good-bye.

I hate you so much for leaving me; You left me all alone -Why did it all have to end? -I can't believe you're gone.

But most of all I hate the man Who took away your life, I can't just put it all behind me And forget the pain and strife.

April Elaine Carter



A Tree

A small twig unfolding from the earth -depending upon rain and sun for life gathering nourishment driving its roots deeper into the earth reaching toward the heavens adding a new ring each year withstanding the seasons giving new life dying repeating the cycle year after year it is over now there will not be new life again.

Janine Gravley

I remember, Long ago when we first met, there was just something about you that I'll never forget.

Always smiling and a joke for everything, we became best friends instantly and have been so since then.

I remember,
Many a night we'd stay up talking at your house or mine.
Good memories of us together that will remain forever in my mind.

One remembrance, that to this day still brings pain, is of that horrible night

when your life, here on earth, was abruptly taken away.

I remember,
The sudden loss I felt,
and the flood of emotions and tears.
I was hearing the news but not believing it...
not wanting to give into my fears.

A drunk driver stole your life away, along with a part of mine. Memories are all that remain of a lifetime of dreams... shattered within the blink of an eye.

Rion Pinckney

In Memory of Penny Wilson, July 19, '72-- June 14, '91



Sitting by my window
the wind moans of sorrow
I look sadly about my past
wonders of tomorrow.
Sometimes I feel so alone
my throat grows harsh with every tear...
and now I know I must leave my home
I feel I don't belong here.

Where will I go, and what will I see happiness seems so out of touch only sadness surrounds me now I feel it's all too much.

Don't forget me as I go
The love I gave was true
My travels shall be long I know
I take with me my troubles and pain
My heart I leave to you.

Cindy Clayton

My First Rabbit

The bottom of my boots felt very uneven. As I walked down the rocky road. The silence was deafening. The cold numbing, And the nerve-racking, impatience bugging. Suddenly a muffled bark broke out. Then the whole pack joined in. It was like slow motion. The rabbit ran out. He was trying to cross the road! But turned when he saw me. I froze. Then someone yelled SHOOT! I cocked my gun, Then squeezed the trigger. The gunshot drilled in my ears. The furry, helpless, creature lay on the road with blood flowing out of its side. I had killed my first rabbit ever on a hunting trip. I felt like shooting myself. But then again I felt proud. Why did I feel proud? Was it because my dad was there? Or was it for the sport? It's just like a war. Why do human beings kill other human beings? Are they protecting their country? Or protecting themselves? A rabbit or any other animal has no real defense against a 5'3", thirteen year old boy with a gun. I bent down and stroked the rabbit gently. My eyes burned. Then tears gathered. I picked the hare up and took him back to the truck. My dad just knew I would be excited. Until he saw a tear roll down my cheek. "What's wrong?" he asked in a chuckling voice. "I don't know why I did it," I said slowly. I didn't know why then. And I don't know why now.

Richard Iones





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Christian Parker

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